



Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 1: 14.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay

Parish and Home.

No. 63.

JANUARY, 1897.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

REV. C. H. MARSH, *Rector.*

REV. H. R. O'MALLEY, M.A., *Curate and Missionary to Cameron, etc.*

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY,
M. H. SISSON, } *Churchwardens.*

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, JOHN A. BARRON, Q. C., C. D. BARR.

Sidesmen.

F. WALTERS, L.D.S.,	T. MURTAGH,	A. TIMS,
H. J. NOSWORTHY,	JAS. CORLEY,	J. L. PERKINS,
C. HOOPER,	L. ARCHAMBAULT,	G. H. M. BAKER,
I. C. ARMSTRONG,	L. KNIGHT,	N. MILNE.

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

Sunday Services.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m.

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p.m.

Holy Communion.—First Sunday in month, after Morning Service.

Baptism.—Second Sunday in month, at 4 p.m.

Young Men's Association meets first Tuesday in each month at 8 p.m.

C. E. T. S., last Monday in month in School Room, at 8 p.m.

W.A. meets the third Friday in each month at 4.15 p.m.

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month.

PARISH REGISTER.

Baptisms.

SHAW—Charles Victor, son of James J. and Selina Shaw, born 21st April, 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 13th Dec., 1896.

BUNTING—Everett Howard, son of Thomas Joseph and Elizabeth Bunting, born 10th Sept., 1896, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 13th Dec., 1896.

Marriages.

HUGGINS—LANG—In the Township of Ops, on 23rd Dec., 1896, by Rev. C. H. Marsh, James Thompson Huggins, to Emma Lang, both of Ops.

Burials.

WALTERS—At Riverside Cemetery, on 5th Dec., 1896, William Walters, in his 75th year.

CONNORS—At Riverside Cemetery, on 22nd Dec., 1896, Elizabeth White, wife of Thos. Connors, in her 37th year.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Christmas Offertory at St. James' Church, Orillia, was \$61.40.

We are glad to welcome Miss Laura Vance back to Lindsay as Mrs. Collings, and wish her and her husband many years of happiness.

It is a nice thing for your children and friend's sake to keep accounts of baptisms, marriages or burials. Extra copies of Parish and Home can be bought at the bookstores.

Mrs. Matheson, wife of the missionary at Onion Lake, diocese of Saskatchewan, who is taking a medical course in Toronto, so as to be of greater help to sick Indians where her husband labours, gave an address to the Woman's Auxiliary and others at Omeme on Tuesday, Dec. 29th.

The following are memorable words by the late Archbishop of Canterbury: "No Church is living as a Church which is not fulfilling the command of commands. The first duty of a Christian is to make other people Christians, and the first duty of a Church is to make other Christian Churches, until the whole world is covered with them."

A copy of Parish and Home would be a nice New Year gift for a friend—only 40c. a year.

May 1897 be a very blessed year to all our readers—right heartily do we wish you "A Happy New Year."

The Rev. Canon Pettit, of Cornwall, who some years ago preached to the Masons in St. Paul's Church, has lately died.

Mr. W. J. Southam was lately ordained deacon by the Bishop of Ottawa, and the Rev. Percy R. Soanes advanced to be a presbyter by the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

A lady of the parish, who is unable to leave her home, kindly gave the rector a half dollar each, as a Christmas gift, for the dwellers in the "Home for the Aged," and thirteen people were made happier at the joyous Christmas time by this thoughtful action.

Mr. H. Petter spent a few days at the home of Mrs. R. Lang, Golden, B. C., a short time ago. It must have been a great pleasure for former active workers at St. Paul's Church, Lindsay, to meet so far distant from the scene of their former labors. Many readers of Parish and Home will be pleased to hear that all were enjoying fairly good health amid the mountains of the west.

The members of the Lindsay Branch of the Women's Auxiliary to Missions and other women of St. Paul's Church, presented Mrs. Marsh with a Certificate of Life Membership and gold badge at their December meeting. There was a large attendance, and Mrs. T. Walters, the President, read a short address, expressing appreciation and kind wishes, to which Mrs. Marsh, who was taken completely by surprise, feelingly replied, thanking all most heartily for their very kind and loving action.

The C. E. T. S. meeting on Dec. 28th was not largely attended, although there was a very interesting programme. Mr. Humphrey's class with violins; Messrs Knight, Mullett and Lockwood, and Miss L. Ingle and Mrs. Marsh taking part. Mr Knight stated that the debt on the piano was reduced to \$21 and anyone wanting to help pay and so have a string in it, must do so at once, or he would be too late. The annual meeting is to be held the last Monday in January, and members are asked to work hard in the meantime to promote the cause of temperance and help the intemperate, and so make the Society a real blessing.

The amount received by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada from Aug. 1st, 1895, to July 31st, 1896, was \$43,850 45, being about \$1,000 more than received in any one year before. This includes nearly all sums raised in Ontario and the Provinces east of it, for work among the heathen, Jews and dwellers in our own great North-west, but not the sums raised in Manitoba or the west, nor yet the monies raised in each diocese in Eastern Canada for work in the more needy parts of those dioceses. Growth is a cause for thankfulness.

Of the new missionaries sent out by the Church Missionary Society in 1896, ten are honorary, going at their own cost and supporting themselves while in the field. This makes a staff of 70 who ask for no support, but only to be allowed to work with the C. M. S. in seeking to preach the Gospel to all people. What a splendid answer this is to the men who think and say that everything is done for money, and yet is it not just what we might expect of the followers of One "who though he was rich yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

Sunday, Jan. 17th, is the date for most of the missionary exchanges in this deanery. The Rev. Canon Farncomb, of Newcastle, and the Rev. H. J. Burges, of Bethany, are expected to take the duty in Lindsay, Reaboro, Cameron and Cambray.

The Orillia Packet says: "The honor roll in St. James' Sunday School is made up of those scholars who have not been absent more than three times in the year. Last year the number on it was twelve, the year before eleven. This year the roll has increased to 34, of whom five were present every Sunday." We hope the S. S. scholars and workers who read this, will imitate the regularity of the honor roll of Orillia.

The Christmas services were largely attended in Lindsay and Cameron, and fairly well in Reaboro and Cambray. All the churches were prettily decorated for the occasion, and we trust that many realized the rich blessings that we receive through the birth of "Emanuel." The offertories were as follows: Lindsay, \$35; Reaboro, \$37.70; Cameron, \$3.30; Cambray, \$8. The clergy appreciate very much the kindly thoughtfulness that led to such liberal offerings, and pray that richest gifts may be showered on all the worshippers.

St. Paul's Church Collections, 1896.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
Nov.	\$90 20	\$52 74	\$142 67
Special re Church Debt,			\$255 64
Dec. 6,	\$17 60	\$11 40	
13,	19 20	9 02	
20,	14 00	10 30	
27,	11 95	11 60	
	\$62 75	\$42 32	\$105 07

Mission Collections.

	Thanksgiving Diocesan,			Total
Cameron	"	"		1 14
Cambray	"	"		1 32
Reaboro	"	"		1 23

On December 20th Rev. H. E. Benoit, agent of the Sabrevois Mission of Quebec, preached morning and evening in St. Paul's Church, and in the afternoon at Reaboro. He told the way that God had led him, first when doubts arose and he refused to follow the teaching he had received, he was turned out of his home, but was led to Montreal and to one of the Protestant schools there, and at the end of two years his parents invited him home again. He took a French New Testament with him, which was the first his father had ever seen, and which was the means of leading a number to know Christ as revealed in His word. He told of the number breaking away from their old faith and drifting, alas, some of them into infidelity. There are eleven French Protestant Churches in the city of Montreal alone, and he said how much might be done, (not so much in making proselytes, as) in rescuing those who had broken away from their old ways and were drifting, they knew not whither, if only men and means were given now to preach to them a pure gospel. He received some \$36.40 in cash, and other promises for the carrying on of the work.

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Parish and Home.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 74.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

PROPER LESSONS.

- 1—**Circumcision of our Lord.** *Morning*—Gen. 17, v. 9; Rom. 2, v. 17. *Evening*—Deut. 10, v. 12; Col. 2, v. 3 to 18.
- 3—**2nd Sunday after Christmas.** *Morning*—Isa. 42; Matt. 2. *Evening*—Isa. 43, or 44; Acts 2, to v. 22.
- 6—**Epiphany of our Lord.** *Morning*—Isa. 60; Luke 3, v. 15 to 23. *Evening*—Isa. 49, v. 13 to 24; John 2, to v. 12.
- 10—**1st Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isa. 51; Matt. 6, to v. 19. *Evening*—Isa. 52, v. 13 and 53, or 54; Acts 6.
- 17—**2nd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isa. 55; Matt. 10, to v. 24. *Evening*—Isa. 57, or 61; Acts 10, to v. 24.
- 24—**3rd Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Isa. 62; Matt. 13, v. 53, to 14, v. 13. *Evening*—Isa. 65, or 66; Acts 15, to v. 30.
- 25—**Conversion of St. Paul.** *Morning*—Isa. 49, to v. 13; Gal. 1, v. 11. *Evening*—Jer. 1, to v. 11; Acts 26, to v. 21.
- 31—**4th Sunday after Epiphany.** *Morning*—Job 27; Matt. 17, v. 14. *Evening*—Job 28 or 29; Acts 18, v. 24 to 19, v. 21.

THE NEW YEAR'S PANOPLY.

Eph. vi. 11-17.

Once more, with sword in rest, we stand,
Our marching orders glad to hear;
And give salute with lifted hand,
Athwart the lintel of the year.

As loyal soldiers of the King,
Grasp we the shield of faith anew;
Faith that will prompt the heart to sing
Of Jesus, all the conflict through.

Were not our Captain on the field,
To open battle for the right,
Well might we lay down sword and shield,
Disheartened in the length'ning fight.

But Jesus gives the countersign,
And we our steady march begin,
Clad from the armory divine,
Assured that in the end we win.

Glad greetings for the new-born year,
Dear Friend, with this, its first of days,
And may its closing, bright and clear,
Yield trophies to Emmanuel's praise.

—M.K.A.S., in *Episcopal Recorder*.

“A HAPPY New Year to you.”
How often this greeting will be expressed during the first few days of this month, and most heartily do we join in the chorus and wish it to

all readers of PARISH AND HOME. In order to make the year happy it is wise to look back over the past and see what errors we have fallen into, and what mistakes we have made in 1896, so as to avoid them; and also to search and see what constitutes true happiness. It is well to take a review once in a while, even as a merchant examines his goods and “takes stock”—and as we look backward, faithfully and manfully examining our lives in the light of God's Word and the fuller knowledge of another year, we see many mistakes, shortcomings, and sins; still, as a fault is never remedied by brooding over it, let us, as we resolutely seek God's grace to turn away from the mistakes and sins of the past, also resolutely determine for the future, in the same power, to walk more worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called.

* * * * * C.H.H.

HAPPINESS is a relative term. The boy at school often thinks that happiness consists in playing successful games; the young woman thinks that having a devoted lover would bring happiness, while to the hardworking, weary, and tired labourer rest is the ideal of happiness. But above and beyond all these there is a happiness more enduring and lasting, a happiness that comes from the knowledge of sins forgiven and an earnest desire to do the will of a loving Father in bringing brightness and hope into the lives of others. If we seek in 1897 thus to live and walk it will indeed be a bright and happy new year to us, and to many others with whom we come in contact.

* * * * * C.H.H.

At this season of the year, by their annual appeal, which is read in all our churches on the Sunday before Epiphany, the Bishops bring before us the claims of foreign missions, the needs of the great multitudes of Gentile and heathen people

who are still lying in darkness, and know not of Him who came, “A light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of His people Israel,” and who, before His departure, commissioned and enjoined His disciples and followers to carry His Gospel to all nations and peoples. Surely with somewhat of the love and self-sacrifice of these wise men from the East we will worship our glorious King, and loyally and lovingly present our treasures of gold and sweet and fragrant offerings for the carrying of His messages of love and glad tidings to those who as yet have heard them not.

* * * * * C.H.H.

THE reason that so many Christians find their private prayers ineffective is because they do not go into detail with God. What prayer means above everything is spreading out our plans, our hopes, our fears, before God and having them all sweetened and ennobled by the sunlight of His presence. To do this we must talk with Him, submit all our aims to Him, and learn from Him the calm and holy wisdom that He alone can teach us. Of one thing we may be sure—time must be given to prayer; we must plan for every other necessary activity, and when we do this we learn that as we talk to God, God talks to us and we grow strong in His wisdom and vigor.

* * * * * H.R. C.H.H.

ON January 6th we are reminded of the Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles; how our thoughts go back to the long journey taken by the Magi or wise men of the East, as they came from far across desert and plain, o'er hill and valley, ever following the leading of the star, until they came to Jerusalem and asked for the new-born King of the Jews. What at first must have been their disappointment when they found that neither Herod nor the

great ones of the city knew aught about the birth of Him whom they sought! But when the troubled king, having made enquiry of the chief priests and scribes as to where Christ should be born, was told in Beth'chem of Judea, and had said to the wise men, Go and search diligently and bring me word again, and they having departed, lo, "the star went before them and came and stood over where the young child was," and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary His mother, and they fell down and worshipped Him, and having opened their treasures they presented unto Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh. C. M. H.

* * * *

It is not in our surroundings, but by the inner life that we are living, that the possibility of taint coming to us is determined. A recent writer tells of going with a party down into a coal mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there, where the coal dust was constantly flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner threw a handful of black dust upon the plant, but not a particle adhered. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the white petals, to which no speck or stain could cling. The little plant, with its pure whiteness, amid the dust and drippings of a coal mine, is a picture of what every Christian life should be. In this world of evil, where so many unholy influences breathe about us, it is the mission of Christians to be pure; to keep themselves "unspotted from the world." If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not, by His grace, so transform our hearts that no sin shall stain their purity? A. H. C. H.

* * * *

A CONTEMPORARY furnishes what it calls a "Key to Parochial Success," and gives it in two words, "Church Attendance." "No question about it; no doubt. Given faithfully, persistently, enthusiastically attended services—the people there in force, there as a standing

duty, there to see things proper and there to make things proper—and the thrift of any parish is established! Everything else will follow; warm devotion, hearty worship, activity, ample collections. Even the dullness of ministries can be overcome by this means; being either quickened into sympathetic life or else compelled to "give place" to one more in accord with such an environment. The beauty of it is, too, that this key is within such easy reach of any parish. The people need not be rich, nor experienced, nor learned. Any honest, earnest soul can come often to church, to join in the service, add to its energies and partake of its life. Those who only come to church occasionally or only on Sunday mornings lend a very partial and an almost insignificant strength to their church. They suggest to the clergy the easy letting of things down to the lowest level, except on a Sunday morning. There is no question about it; empty pews invite disaster, and insure defeat; while full pews of people who realize their duty are a prophecy of success."

* * * *

MR. D. L. MOODY, who is now carrying on a great work in New York, was asked if he thought that united effort on the part of all Christian workers would bring the Gospel to all in New York. The following is his carefully considered answer: Yes, if they would be as much in earnest about spiritual things as our politicians have been about political matters. No better example is to be had than Mr. Bryan's record. Had any one prophesied, six months ago, that he would have been able to exert the power he has, no one would have believed it. Here was a young man from Nebraska, comparatively unknown, who forced the issue of silver against the opposing party, against the greater portion of the press, asked favors of no one, and roused the nation over the question of finance as it has never been roused over any question for more than a generation. And how was he able to do it? By having a strong conviction and then being dead in earnest about it. I do not agree with Mr. Bryan's position, but I

admire his fearless courage and his stubborn fight. Now if one man can do that for silver, which only effects a man's pocket, what could not the church, with all its facilities and workers, do for men's eternal welfare. What is a man's temporal wealth compared to his soul? Would that every Christian would take a lesson from the history of the past six months, and not only would New York be reached, but all our nation would seek again the God of our fathers.

* * * *

To acquire mental strength we must learn to think independently, and the man who is only reading, reading always the thoughts of others, may never acquire this power. Reading is supposed to be an intellectual occupation, said *The Christian* recently, and yet there is much reading which furnishes no more mental exercise than the idle gossip of gabbling fools. There are many who *will not read* a book which contains thought or requires thought; so they read and read and read light, trashy, vapid novels, and know no more at the end of them than they did at the beginning. To be great or strong or successful, persons must do more than read, they must study, they must *learn* and they must *think*.

A millionaire, on entering his office one dull day, saw his partner yawning over a book.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"There was nothing else to do, so I'm reading," was the answer.

"Nothing else to do! Reading!" the great merchant repeated, in a tone that expressed wonder, amusement, and scorn. "When you've nothing else to do, don't read. *Think!*"

Much time wasted in aimless and useless reading would be well employed in earnest *thinking* about and *studying* the things that concern us for this world and the world to come. *Thoughtful* men are needed in a world where there are so many unthinking triflers, who waste the present life and lose the life which is to come.

* * * *

DURING the winter the meetings in connection with church work

in town and city especially, multiply. One great difficulty is to decide about attending them. We cannot attend them all; if we did, almost every evening and afternoon would be occupied, the home and the social life would be very seriously interfered with, and no one can afford to neglect these duties. This demand on almost every evening is unavoidable with many clergymen, and in it they should receive the earnest sympathy of the congregation. But because we cannot attend all the services or meetings in the church, shall we then refuse to attend any? No; it is rather the duty of each person to find out which of the meetings are most helpful to him, or those in which he can be most helpful, and then attend them. It should be possible for many to give at least two evenings a week to the affairs of God. One of these should be spent undoubtedly at the Wednesday evening service. Everyone who can ought to attend it. The other evening might be set apart to attending the missionary meeting, or the Christian Endeavor, or the Boys' Brigade, or to visiting the sick of the parish.

* * *

We are reminded this month (25th) of the conversion of St. Paul. Perhaps no event in the early history of our common Christianity exerted a more potent influence for its extension and expansion than the one here referred to. A highly educated and cultured man of his time, intensely interested and zealous in promoting the religion of the Jews, we find him bitter in opposing everyone that sought in any way to detract from it. Christianity had arisen, and, looking upon it as an enemy of the faith of his fathers, we find him among the most zealous opponents, holding the garments of those who stoned Stephen, the first Christian martyr, and a little later going even to strange cities to bring bound to Jerusalem any of that way. We all know the story of his conversion; how, as he journeyed and came near to Damascus, a light shone round about him above the brightness of the noonday sun, and a voice said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and from the ground where he had fallen was

heard the question, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the answer came, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," the risen and glorified Christ thus identifying himself with His suffering people. The trembling and astonished Saul cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord said, "Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." Blinded by the glory, he was led into the city, and shortly we read, "Behold he prayeth." Ananias, a disciple, was sent to him, and with his message from God Saul regained his sight, and he was baptized. The adversary had become a friend; the persecutor, a preacher of righteousness, the proud Pharisee, a humble and devoted follower of the meek and lowly One — so mighty was the power of the Lord Jesus and of the Holy Ghost. All power is still given unto Christ; the Holy Ghost is still able and willing to change and renew the heart. Let us see that, like St. Paul, we yield ourselves to him.

It is God who works. Let us never for one moment forget this truth. It is God who is doing things. We are only instruments in His hands. As has been said, "While it is true that God does not work without means, it is equally true that means cannot work without God." Much is made in the old ecclesiastical writings of God's condescension. The term is a gigantic solecism. It is a thought that belongs wholly to our imperfect human state. The attitude of condescension is impossible with God. It is the essence of His nature to give. His giving is only limited by the capacity of any object, of any being, to receive. All who receive are to the extent of their receiving co-partners with Him. On the other hand, their capacity for receiving will depend upon the degree of their giving. God cannot pour His life into a vessel that is already full. As we give, so we receive, and our labors are therefore only an expression of the life of Him whose province is both "to will and to do." We cannot even make a fire without entering into the works of God. He stored the coal ages ago, or caused the forest to grow in later years, and the springing of the

flame with its development of heat is by His direct act and power.—*Seaward's School of Life.*

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

With the New Year, no doubt, many of us have formed a number of good resolutions for the coming twelve months. But what has been the history of the good resolutions made in former years? How many of them have we kept? How many of those made a year ago have we to make again now? It may be we do not remember what were the good resolutions of last January. If so, it will be interesting to write down those of this year, and on New Year's day of 1898 look them over and see how many we have carried out. But it will not need this to tell most of us who have watched our lives that good resolutions are more frequently broken than kept. "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." There is a deep meaning in the statement. Human pride prevents men from acknowledging their inability to resist sin, even when warned of their enemies' strength. (Eph. vi. 12). It is not hard, then, for the great enemy of souls to persuade them that in their own strength they can overcome some evil habit, and they make a resolution to do so, at which that enemy laughs. He can soon overcome their will-power on which the resolution is based, he can soon overcome the sense of his own honor, his family's needs, or the other motives prompting the resolution. No, good resolutions are generally Satan's way of keeping men from trusting God for deliverance, from depending on His grace, by which alone sin in any form can be effectually overcome. If our resolutions are made in the strength of God, putting no dependence on any power in ourselves, but relying on His help given in answer to prayer, then and then only will they be fully carried out.

A LIFE ASSURANCE AGENT.

The other day a life assurance agent called upon me. He had his business with me, and I felt quite free to have my business with him.

So I studied him as he sought to get my risk, which, by the way, he did not succeed in doing. I was well repaid, and jotted down in my journal two or three lessons which might be useful also to other Christian workers.

The first thing was his fearlessness. He had his work to perform and performed it. He feared not to tell his business nor to let me know what work he was engaged in, though his calling was not one that is generally very highly appreciated, and persons so engaged are not always well received. He asked me if I had a policy or not. This broke the ice and the rest of the conversation was natural. Would that we were equally fearless in asking individuals about their soul's welfare, disregarding how we are received in our earnest desire for their best interests. They may put us off, they may refuse to speak on the subject, or may suddenly remember an engagement which they had forgotten about; or even say something very sharp, but let us do our duty to Christ by asking in a clear, manly, straightforward way, "Is it well with your soul?" "Have you learned of the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

But this must be done very wisely, and this leads to the second point noticed, viz., with what tact he conducted the conversation. He let me state my objections, met them courteously and as fully as possible, let me speak when I wanted to, never seemed to oppose, nor to argue me down, but left the impression that all he wanted was to convince me that his way of thinking was right. So must the Christian worker be full of tact (which is but a fruit of kindly, sensitive love) if he would win the soul, whether of a child or an adult; he must be respectful, courteous, never opposing for the sake of opposing or winning an argument, never with too much haste, but, being firmly convinced in his own mind, he must strive to lead men to the truth, clearing every obstacle from the path as it is met with.

I shall mention but one other lesson, and that is his patience. If I did not see his point he would repeat what he had been saying, or vary his manner of presenting it,

never showing a sign of anger or impatience, always under perfect self-control. When my mind would follow some point he had suggested till it was on quite a different subject, he would repeat what he had said till he knew I understood. He stayed for about three hours. His object was to get my application, and he was alert in every faculty to secure that end. So must we Christian workers, Sunday-school teachers, parish visitors, ministers, etc., be patient. A soul which is almost won may, by undue haste or some very slight thing, be lost at the last moment. The way of salvation must be gone over in ever-varying ways, but with ever the same "old Story" till the soul is won. We must be alert in every faculty, noticing the least change in the man's attitude and varying ours at once to meet it. We must strive again and again to win him, thinking over his case, praying over it when alone, even after failure, but never despairing. We must be energetic, persevering, patient. If he to earn a few dollars can be thus in earnest, surely we shall be more so to win a "Well done" from our Master, to save a soul from death, to cause "rejoicing in the presence of the angels."

H. R. O'Malley.

CHURCH AMUSEMENTS.

The Rev. W. B. Hale, an Episcopalian clergyman, prints in the New York *Forum* a list of the church entertainments that he has noted during the past year. Mr. Hale condemns these entertainments, and our readers may judge from the following list with what degree of justice he does so. Some of the Christian churches of the United States, in their efforts to advance the cause of pure and undefiled religion, have made use of the following agencies. Among comedies: Aunt Jemima's Album; The Mystic Midgets; Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, rejuvenescent with Trilby characters; The Man Who Tickled His Wives to Death; The Mosque of Culture; Woodcock's Little Game; Poor Pillicaddy; A Shakespearean Carnival, in which the reverend priest appeared as Hamlet, and Julius Cæsar led the march in the closing dance; Down by the

Sea; a baby rattle and spoon drill; Just Us Girls; the Peak sisters, who sang, "Do You Know the Mouth of Man?" in which the gentle art of kissing is referred to ninety times. For general entertainments we select: A wish-bone party, new woman's social, progressive whist party, grand barbecue, New Year's dance, birthday parties, Yule-tide market, weigh socials, mock trials, poker parties, fancy dress drills, tambourine drill, dude drill, moral dime show, spider-web party, Mother Goose market, husking bee; athletic exhibitions, with a real prize fighter fresh from court for brutal assault as chief drawing card, dance of Arab maidens, blackbird ballet, Chew Glue sisters in song-and-dance specialties, Sunday evening magic lanterns, eight silver dollars offered of an evening to the discerning mind able to unravel the pastor's text printed in choicest pi; and last, but not least, an historic Trilby party, in which young ladies displayed from behind a curtain raised to a sufficient height their bare feet, and men in front bid for the privilege of taking the ankles that particularly struck their fancy out to supper.

The Toronto *Globe* says truly of this that "no man of the slightest moral earnestness or regard for the decencies of life can read this recital with other than feelings of deepest shame and sorrow. When we remember the part played by the Christian Church in history—her martyrdoms, her learning, her leadership, her uplifting and divine influence upon all society; when we think of the solemn and dread tragedy that is unfolding in the civilized world to-day; when we call to mind the fact that in the principles and forces and the life that have made the church and give her a meaning and message is revealed the secret of all human progress, and then put over against all this these inanities and imbecilities, it is almost enough to turn men into pessimists or atheists."

It is time that sober-minded people draw a line beyond which they will not go in efforts to amuse. The church social is a good thing if it leads members of a church to know and understand each other better. As a revenue producer it is

not so admirable. The real producer of revenue for a church is the spirit of self-sacrifice that people will readily enough obey when they are appealed to in the name of the Lord who gave Himself for them.

HOW SERVICE TELLS.

A chaplain in the army during the war was passing over the field when he saw a soldier who had been wounded, lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:

"Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said: "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water."

The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water, he said:

"Could you lift my head and put something under it?"

The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold."

There was only one thing that the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded man looked up in his face, and said:

"For God's sake, if there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it!"

There is a world of meaning to my mind in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lessons that Book teaches.—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

"Off work so early?"

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a table in the rough back-porch, and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

"Yes, it's early, I know, but it's mail day to-morrow, and I thought I'd send a letter."

"Folks back east?" asked James.

"Well, I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother; but she is a good woman, and she likes to hear from me, and I think I ought to."

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and clumsy in his movements, and never dreamed of making a suggestion of duty to any one. But it had come to be observed that Caleb could be relied on.

"If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there," his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys had noticed that Caleb's quiet "I think I ought to," always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch, upon which the crops so largely depended; but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart and a shadow upon his brow. If asked the reason for it he might have been slow to admit to anyone else that it was called there by a consciousness of neglect of duty, but it was very plain to himself.

"Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of 'ought' to write to her about every mail day, I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit."

In the early springtime James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, and to whom he realized he owed it to be such a comfort.

"I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em."

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farm-house. Father and mother had answered, the sight of their poor, cramped hand-writing bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:

"Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post-office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to get back."

It had reached his heart, and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for awhile. Then the intervals between his letters had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing, later, again near Caleb's rough library he paused with a half smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

"I'd rather plow all day," he said, meeting James' gaze with a beaming eye. "Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip, sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said James, as he went on toward the stables. "And when you know you ought to, as I do," he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout, betokening his unburdened condition of mind, and, leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was; and who can tell how many hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling, mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned agained a rough cart and gazed half mechanically about him.

"I wish I had written, too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and got

scolded for it. Next Tuesday'll be the day mother'll be watching."

In the hush of the glorious light his thoughts wandered over years gone by. Far back, almost to infancy, did his memory stray, bringing up scenes vague and misty, incidents only dimly recalled; yet in all his mother's face, gentle and tender, seemed to stand out distinctly. Sometimes it bent over him in sickness, sometime he saw it in church, with the grave expression. Sometimes it bore a smile of sympathy with some of his small delights; again, perhaps, a frown, or a grieved look over his shortcomings.

"Yes, and I remember exactly how she looked when she whipped me, and how she would come to me in ten minutes afterwards, crying and begging me never to make her do it again. Poor mother," with a remorseful smile, "she didn't give it to me half hard enough."

"I wonder how she looks now." The thought came with a sharp pang. It had never before occurred to him to wonder whether his mother had changed in these years in which he had not seen her. The line of thought, once struck, seemed to lead on without his own volition. It must be that the anguish of his abrupt leave-taking, the anxiety for his welfare, and the longing for a sight of him during this weary time had written deep lines upon the patient face.

"There's Caleb back." James sprang up, as if in glad escape from the heavy thoughts, as the distant beat of hoofs smote upon his ear. "She is only his stepmother, and yet he walks right up to the business like a soldier, hating it as he does. Caleb has the making of a soldier in him, I believe."

James was many years older before he fully recognized the fact that there is nothing more heroic than the persistent standing by the duties, small or great, of every-day life.

"Hello, Caleb," he cried; "you've made a quick trip."

"Yes," said Caleb, still with the beaming face belonging to the finished letter. "Shag hasn't been at work to-day, and he's as full of jump as if—as if—he'd got a letter off himself."

James could not help joining in the boy's gleeful laugh.

"I wish I felt as good as you do, Caleb," he said.

"I'll tell you what," said Caleb, "with the air of one telling a great secret, "I don't believe there's anything makes you feel half so good as doing something you think you ought to do."

"Not going to turn in?" he asked, returning from the stable after giving his little nag faithful care.

"No, I'm going to write a letter."

"I'm glad 't isn't me," with an expressive shake of his head. "I'm tired enough to sleep for a week."

* * * * *

Mother was not watching at the gate on the Tuesday on which a letter might be expected from James. Indeed, there sometimes crept over father and Susan a cold chill of fear that she might never stand there or anywhere else again.

For the feet which had taken so many steps in loving ministering, which had so patiently held to the round of small duties laid out by Him who orders all our ways, were at last taking a rest. She had been suffering from a slow fever, and the doctor shook his head with a discouraged face as day followed day, to be lengthened into week following week, and still the pulse grew weaker and the faded eyes dimmer.

"If there was anything to rouse her," the old doctor had said, sorely perplexed at the utter lack of result to all his applied remedies. "There isn't so much the matter with her; only a lack of vitality. Nothing seems to touch it."

He sat with a helpless, baffled look. During the latter weeks Susan had stolen out on Tuesday for a little season of wistful watching for the longed-for letter which had never come. But to-day she sat still, weighed down by the burden of dread of what might be, scarcely hearing the slow rumble of the wagon as father drove along the lane. A few moments later he appeared at the door and held up a letter before Susan's eyes. She forgot her caution in a glad spring toward him.

"A letter! A letter from James!"

She controlled her voice whisper, but mother had been stirred from her half stupor and had opened her eyes. The doctor was watching her.

"Read it," he said, motioning Susan to the seat at her mother's side.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I've been thinking to-night how long it is since I left home. I never thought it would be so long, really I didn't, when I got into a pet and came off. And if I've wondered once why I did it, I've wondered a thousand times, for I haven't in all these three years seen any place that was quite up to home. And if I was to stay three times three, I'd never find anybody like you and father and Susy.

"There's another thing I've been wondering, and that's whether you want to see such a good-for-nothing as me there again?"

A little sob came from mother, and Susan paused in alarm.

"Go on," said the doctor.

"But I'm 'most sure you would, and I'm coming home, mother. It won't be so very long before you see me. I've learned a lot of lessons since I left, and the one I've learned the best is that any boy who goes around the world hunting for a better place than home is a simpleton. So I'm coming to be your boy again. And if you don't find that I can be a comfort to you and father and Susy, why, all you can do is to send me away again."

"Her fever'll be up again," said Susy, bending over her mother in a flutter of joy and anxiety.

But there was a smile on mother's face, and a light of hope and peace in her eyes which had long been wanting there.

"Thank God," she whispered, "my boy's coming home."

And when James very soon followed his letter, he held his breath at learning how very near he had come to finding a desolate home, and thankfully rejoiced in the blessed privilege of winning his mother back to health and happiness.

There are many boys who put off the home-letters and the home coming until too late.—*Young Men's Era.*

Parish and Home.

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EPIPHANY.

Dear Saviour, at Thy feet
I fain would lay
Such offerings as are meet
For Thee this day.

No gold have I, my King,
To form a crown;
But all my joys I bring,
And lay them down.

My prayers, High Priest divine,
On bended knee,
As incense at Thy shrine,
I offer Thee.

O Son of Man, to Thee
I consecrate
My griefs, whate'er they be—
Or small or great.

My whole life take, O Lord,
And may it be
One song of praise to God
For gifts to me.

—A.P.B., in *Parish Visitor*.

BUSINESS WORRIES.

The open weather of last month caused anxious thoughts to many a merchant. Generally, they expect an increase in business during the weeks preceding Christmas sufficient to make up for the looked-for slackness of the earlier season. But bad roads and warm weather kept the farmers from marketing their produce and purchasing their winter goods. No wonder that he who has payments to make at the new year should, at times, be anxious. It is at such times that his religion comes to the aid of the Christian merchant. He has done all that he can do, his stock is full and well assorted, his windows and store are

as attractive as possible, his business is properly advertised, he and his clerks are courteous, obliging, and ready, he has done all that his ability and experience can suggest. Now he must leave it with God to do; his business is in the hands of God as much as the crop on the carefully prepared land of the skilful farmer. He is a Christian. He reads, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things" (Romans viii. 32); "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee" (Joshua i. 5); and "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken" (Ps. xxxvii. 25); and "He is faithful that promised" (Heb. x. 23). With these promises why should he be anxious? His Father has charge of the whole matter—all is well. Sometimes, like Peter, he takes his eyes off God and looks at the waves and boisterous winds of rainy days, slippery sidewalks, unscrupulous rivals, pressing creditors, and then begins to sink in the waters of worry, discouragement, and despair. When this happens, he who is wise will do as St. Peter did, take his eyes off his surroundings, fix them again on his God, and cry, "Lord, save me, I perish." Immediately the hand strong with almighty power and love is stretched forth, and he who was sinking is raised to safety and peace, though the winds continue to howl. With the eyes raised above the mountains of circumstances to God in the clear blue of heaven, worry gives place to calm, discouragement to hope, despair to triumph. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

H. R. O'Neilley

CHRISTIAN HEROISM AND ITS REWARD.

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but, holding up the Bible in his hand, he said, "Live or die, put me ashore." They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. He reached the

land. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favor, and lived among them, and, for aught I know, he died among them.

Thirty years afterward another ship reached the same Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted, and were taken with the greatest eagerness, and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labors of that heroic young man who said, "Live or die, put me ashore." I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact that it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping. When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly-looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of one of the old Vikings, and said, "You will excuse me for coming up to speak to you and introducing myself; I am Captain" so and so—I need not give you his name—"I am in command of Her Majesty's frigate," so and so, "and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands. I was there with my ship; I saw these people, and I saw the circulation of the Bible among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of these islands." Said he, "They reminded me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles." —
Dr. John Hall.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

On one of the streets of Chicago, says the *Tribune*, a crowd of people stood watching the vain attempts of a poor old horse to pull a heavily loaded cart out of a rut. Again and again he did his best; but the task was beyond him, and finally, sweating and panting, he refused to try further. The owner plied the whip till the bystanders began to express a pretty loud disapproval. Just then a man came up, saw what was going on, and in another moment was in the middle of the street.

"Where did you get that horse?" he asked.

At the sound of the voice the horse pricked up his ears, and, turning his head in the direction whence the sound came, gave utterance to a low, glad neigh.

Without waiting for the owner's reply, the man advanced quickly to the horse's head, and, patting it gently, said in a tone of affection:

"Poor old Joe, so they've brought you to this! I somehow thought it was you, old boy, when I first saw you, but I couldn't believe my eyes, for you used to be a mighty different looking horse from this."

All this time the horse was rubbing his head against the man's breast and shoulders, and there was a suspicion of moisture in the man's eyes.

"I never would have sold you in the world, Joe, if I had thought they would bring you to this," the man continued. "But never mind, old boy, there's going to be a change right away. You're going to have all you want to eat; you're going to have a nice big stall, and you're never going to do another lick of work as long as you live."

Then, turning to the astonished owner, he asked, "How much do you want for this horse?"

The man hesitated a moment, and then said, "Forty dollars."

He knew that he was asking four times what the horse was worth, but he shrewdly concluded that the old owner would not stand on a few dollars.

And he didn't; for, taking out a roll of bills from his pocket, he counted out the forty dollars, and, handing it to the man, said:

"Here's your money. You're robbing me, but I must have the horse."

A few minutes later he was leading him down the street, and as the two made their way along there were doubtless many who wondered why that well-dressed man should evince such tender consideration for the poor, bony old horse which followed with lame, faltering steps so close behind him.

DO CHRISTIANS MEAN BUSINESS?

We sometimes hear of instances of wonderful generosity, of persons giving by tens of thousands of dol-

lars to the work of God under earnest exhortations and passionate appeals. And yet, measured by the divine rule, some poor widow may have cast in more than they all. What are ten or twenty thousand dollars? There are hundreds of men who have for years given their whole lives to the work of God, with a devotion and diligence which might have made them millionaires had they lived for self and the world. They have no thousands to give, they may not have a dollar in the world, but they have given *all*, long ago,—not under exciting appeals, but in hours of lonely consecration to God,—and no one puts items in the newspapers about their great generosity; but the Lord has it all recorded in His book.

Sometimes we hear how Christians have given their jewels, their diamond pins, their gold rings, under the wave of a mighty enthusiasm, for the cause of God; but no one remembers those who with equal opportunities for adornment have no rings, or pearls, or diamonds to give, because they have already given the time and the money such things would cost to save lost men from sin and death. And what have *Christians* to do with such gaudy trumpery anyway? Have they not been wearing it in direct and open disobedience to the Word of God? Have they not been wasting the Lord's money, in defiance of His revealed will, in buying a lot of trash that will not bring half price when it is sold for old junk? Surely, if such manifestations measure the high-water mark of Christian giving, we may well say, "Where is boasting then? It is excluded."

Talk of a hundred thousand dollars given in a day as a matter of boasting and gratulation. Why, the priest in charge of the shrine of the horrible Hindu idol at Calcutta, being asked not long since what was the amount of the offerings presented by her worshippers the previous day, named in reply a sum equal to *three hundred thousand pounds sterling, or nearly a million and a half of dollars*. "Yet," says *The Christian* (London), "the mighty and wealthy Christian nation which *rules* India, while spending

one hundred and twenty million pounds sterling a year in drink, can only spare one million pounds per annum for the spread of the gospel."

There are multitudes of heathen shrines and temples in India, where offerings are made and paid, but it seems that the Hindu worshipers at a single temple have in *one day* given nearly one-third as much as is collected in all the churches and societies in Great Britain for the foreign field in a whole year. Yet Christians profess to have light and truth, and the gospel of Christ, and they pity the benighted heathen who lack all these things. In rejoicing in the light they do well; but in devotion and self-sacrificing zeal in the service of God they might well imitate those benighted heathen, and profit by their example.—*Selected*.

PASS IT BY.

There are a great many troubles, and trials, and unpleasant things in this world, enough to keep one in a perpetual fret and fever and turmoil, if he will allow himself to be fretted by them. But many of them are not worth fretting about or caring for; they are of little consequence, and we should pay little regard to them.

A man says something which is not pleasant. If we make trouble about it, he will perhaps repeat what he has said, and say as much more. If we say nothing that will end it. The best course in such a case is to pass it by, and say nothing. Offences must come, but it is not necessary that we should be offended or stumble. We shall always have trials, but we need not grow peevish, or fretful, or impatient over them. We can bear more than we have borne. We can bear more than we think we can bear. Many a quarrel which is exceeding bitter to-day will to-morrow be lost to view. Next year we shall wonder that we worried, or fretted, or were disturbed by the petty trials that crossed our path. A friend may grow unkind, an enemy may be malicious; never mind, pass it by. Clouds may be dark to-day, but the sunshine will come to-morrow, and the afflictions and trials of the pre-

sent will pass before the brightness of the days to come.

Bury the troubles that are past ; bear the troubles of the present ; do not worry about the troubles of the future. Meet each trial as it comes, and in a majority of cases the best course will be to pass it by, and leave it with God's providence to settle and regulate many things which we cannot regulate ourselves. We cannot quarrel with a handful of dust ! and that is all there is left of many who have done us wrong in days gone by ; and it is all that may ere long be left of others who may assail us now. If we do the will of God we shall abide for ever, and why need we fret ourselves because of evil-doers who soon shall pass away like the dreams of night?—*The Christian.*

THE SOLDIERS' CHOICE.

During the Franco-Prussian war two colporteurs, or distributors of Bibles and tracts, were posted at the railway station of Giessen, to greet the soldiers when the trains stopped for meals, and to supply them with good reading.

One day, Mr. Craig, their chief, received news that both men had been refused permission to continue their work. He was two hundred miles away, but he hastened to the spot. On meeting the station master—as he himself tells the story—he expressed regret that his men should have behaved so badly as to be dismissed.

"Oh, they have nothing wrong, only they annoy the soldiers."

"Did the soldiers say they were annoyed?" Mr. Craig asked.

"I did not ask them. Men, of course, don't like pious books thrust into their hands when they are hungry. I know I shouldn't. So I put my foot down."

"I should like," said Mr. Craig, quietly, "to know what the soldiers themselves say. Will you allow me to make a test? Here is a train coming in with soldiers. You have your tables spread with wine and refreshments. Favor me by loaning the use of two tables, at which I will place my two men with our books at each. Then if you will put two of your men at your tables, you and I can stand behind without saying a

word, and let the soldiers decide whether they want the books."

The stationmaster assented quite willingly, and the train came in. The men, stamping, singing, swearing, jumped out on the platform, stretching their legs and eager for food or drink. Some one saw the books, and cried :

"Here are the books again ! We have not seen any for a week."

There was an instant rush by large numbers of the men. The lieutenant, on a hint from Mr. Craig, ordered them not to jam, but to form in line and file past. Each soldier held out his hand in silence, and with bared head received a book. In an incredibly short time most of the men in the company had marched past, and had taken a copy of the Word of God.

In the meantime it is said that but few of the soldiers had touched a cake or a bunch of grapes, or even a glass of wine.

"We can go no further," said Mr. Craig to the stationmaster, "our books are gone. I think you have still something on your tables."

The stationmaster, who was an honest man, gave a loud laugh, and, grasping Mr. Craig's hand, said, "I am beat—dead beat. I didn't think the men cared for these things. Your men may return to their work."

This story is taken from *The Youth's Companion*, and the one who relates it adds :

The two tables are symbolic. The decisions they involved confront men constantly. There is no escape from their challenge. One gives that which feeds the lower nature, the other that which feeds the soul, and there is not a man who does not, instinctively or with deliberation, choose the line of conduct that one or the other of them represents.

Thus character is formed. Men recognize it in this life, and by it the Great Teacher declares we are to be judged in the life that is to come.

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Jan. 3...	Acts i. 1-14.....	Acts ii. 37-42.
" 10...	Acts ii. 1-13.....	Luke xv. 1-10.
" 17...	Acts ii. 32-47.....	Luke xv. 11-32.
" 24...	Acts iii. 1-16.....	Luke xvi. 1-10.
" 31...	Acts iv. 1-14.....	John xi. 13-44.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst ;
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power ;
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour.
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW NAT OPENED THE DOOR.

"I think you will need some help to open the door," said a voice in the vestibule of Trinity church.

Nat Ridley looked up, for he had reached out his hand to see if he could move the bronze door, now ajar. Nat was not a tall boy, and as he was slowly getting over the effects of a fever, he had a look of weakness.

It was a pleasant voice, and a pleasant face was back of it.

"Oh, it's no matter ! I'm not very strong, sir ; I'm getting over a fever."

"That is something—to allow that we are weak. Folks don't like to allow that, sometimes. I hope you will be better," replied the stranger.

Just here somebody stepped forward on his way into the church, and, greeting Nat's acquaintance, took him within.

Nat did not see the man with the friendly address again for weeks, but the man's words stayed with Nat, that he "needed someone to help open the door."

Nat belonged to Trinity school. It was over now for the day, and Nat lingered by the beautiful door

ere he began his walk to the Brooklyn bridge, spanning the bustling river between him and his home.

"I like those pictures," murmured Nat, gazing at the beautiful scenes wrought on the door of bronze. "I don't know but I like Jacob the best."

This was the old scene of the sleeping Jacob and prayer's bright, angelic ministrations.

Suddenly Nat heard a sound: "Whew-ew-ew! that's the boss!"

He looked up and saw a boy younger than himself, shabbily dressed, and carrying under his arm the papers that advertised his calling.

"What's that feller a-doin'?" asked the newsboy, pointing at the sleeping Jacob.

Nat told the story.

"That's a take every time!" declared the newsboy. He gazed a while longer, and, before Nat was aware of it, his bare feet pattered out to the sidewalk, and a shrill cry went up:

"*Erald — Times — Tribune — Sun!* all the papers."

Nat, too, went along. He went thinking. He wondered where the boy lived, what he would do with his interest in dreaming Jacob, whether he would look again at the bronze pictures. Half-way over the Brooklyn bridge, looking down upon the rushing tug-boats far below, Nat exclaimed:

"I wonder if that boy will go there to the Trinity door again?"

The next day, at the same hour, Nat was out by the church door, and again he was looking at the dreaming Jacob.

"That boy yesterday seemed interested," thought Nat. "Now I belong to the junior auxiliary, and ought to do something about him. I wonder where he lives?"

"Whew ew-ew! came a low, yet clear, whistle-like sound.

Nat looked up. There was the boy again.

"He hain't got up yet," said the boy, nodding at Jacob.

"No," replied Nat; "and he doesn't look as if he wanted to either."

"I don't blame him, if he had been a-sellin' papers all round here. Say!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you think he looks tired?"

"Oh, he was tired, no doubt." To himself he said: "He has asked one question, and I will ask another." He spoke up: "Do you live round here?"

"Purty near! You want to see?"

"I should, very much."

Nat was taken to a street in the neighborhood of Broadway.

"There!" The boy pointed down the dingy depths of an alley. "There; that is where I live."

The next moment he was running down the alley, leaving Nat alone. The boy turned once in response to a salutation from a group of boys:

"Chicksie, how did ye papers go?"

"Fine!" he told them; "they took the cake!"

"I have found out his name is 'Chicksie,' and where his street is," thought Nat, coming back to East Broadway.

Perhaps a week went by, and the Trinity school boy often wondered if he would see Chicksie again.

"A Junior ought to get hold of a boy like Chicksie, and get him into the Sunday school. I don't seem to make any progress. The stranger, that day I first saw Chicksie, thought I could not get Trinity door open. Here is a door I can't seem to open—"

His meditation was interrupted by that low, whistle-like sound which Nat had heard before:

"Whew-ew-ew!"

There was Chicksie now, holding a little girl by the hand and pointing out the sleeping Jacob.

"Now is my chance," thought the member of the Junior Auxiliary.

"Glad to see you!" cried Nat. "Is that your—your—"

"Yes, it's my sister," replied Chicksie. "She likes to see pictures. Ain't that the boss, Sis?"

Sis silently, stolidly nodded her head. Then she turned away.

"Got 'nuff? Want to go, Sis?"

The small Sphinx nodded her head. The Sphinx and Chicksie turned to go.

"Must get them into Sunday-school," thought Nat, following them promptly.

"You—didn't show me your home," remarked Nat.

"You didn't show me yours,

neither," said Chicksie, promptly.

"But—but I will. You go over Brooklyn Bridge with me?"

"I got to sell papers."

The three walked toward East Broadway.

"Juniors must not get discouraged," thought Nat.

"You—you want to see where I live? honest?" asked Chicksie.

"Of course I do."

They walked down the alley upon which was Chicksie's home. They were turning into a dirty doorway when a drunken man bolted out. Chicksie and the Sphinx went ahead, not seeming to mind him. Nat fell back. His good clothes seemed to arouse the anger of the drunkard.

"Gur—gur—go!" he said, advancing menacingly and pointing out of the alley. "Go, or I'll make ye."

Nat took the hint. When he went home, he met his father and mother at the dinner-table, and broke into the exclamation!

"Well, I didn't get the door open. It's ajar, though, I do believe."

"What door?" asked his father.

"I don't mean a real door; but I want to get a boy into the Sunday-school, and it is like opening a door. I do believe I've got it ajar, though. You want to know about it?"

"Yes, yes!" said his father.

"Yes, yes!" said his mother.

Nat told his story.

"That's a very interesting case," remarked his father.

"Yes, a very interesting case," echoed his mother.

Neither, though, suggested any course of action. Nat went upstairs to his room. His home was on Brooklyn Heights. From the windows of his chamber he could look across East River to New York. Out of the last of the lingering light the spire of Trinity rose up, sharply outlined against a wide space of golden sky, and pointing heavenward. Nat watched the beautiful scene. The heavenward-pointing spire deeply impressed him.

"That is what I need," murmured Nat. "I need help to get my door open, and I know which way to look."

He fell upon his knees. The light stealing out of the room seem-

ed to move away regretfully. Awhile longer it touched with its rays the boy's curly head, and silently faded away.

Nat thought of the Jacob scene upon the church door and prayed on. In the hush and the shadows of that time of prayer, did any angels slip down the ladder from heaven and visit Nat's room?

When he arose from his knees he felt strengthened in his purpose, and that somehow the door would open.

"You see, mother," he said, the next morning, "I was going to get acquainted with Chicksie, and then talk about the ladder-school. If I don't see him in a day or two I am going to his street, hunt up his home and—well, now, mother, if anybody was sick there, I could take some oranges, and that would help me."

She laughed, "I think you'll get your door open."

"I—I am going to try."

Day after day went by, but no Chicksie appeared at the church door.

"Well," concluded Nat, "I—I've got to hunt him up. I—I'll get some oranges and start the very first day I have a chance."

Nat and his oranges were soon on their way to the home of Chicksie. Which house, though, did Chicksie live in?

"I think it is this one," decided Nat, halting before a very hard-looking door, battered and dirty.

Suddenly it opened. Out came a drunken man who looked very much like Nat's former enemy. He saw Nat's package.

"Here, give me that!" he growled, and rudely snatched Nat's package away.

Nat's heart sank; a feeling like despair settled upon him.

"Tom," said a voice, "don't you do that! You let him have them!"

It was Chicksie, and he looked very resolute, and he spoke fearlessly. Had Chicksie risen out of the earth suddenly? No; he just turned a corner close at hand, and confronted Tom with the air of a David meeting Goliath. Tom laid down the bag of oranges and slunk away.

"I—was—a—coming to see you, and I thought some of your folks might want oranges," explained Nat.

"You want to see my folks?" asked Chicksie. "You come this way."

What a dingy flight of stairs they climbed! how narrow was the entry! Chicksie opened a low, mean door and said:

"Walk in; that's my family."

On the floor, playing with some rough blocks, sat the Sphinx.

"Haven't you a—a—" Nat began to ask and then paused.

"Hain't I a father?—a mother?" said Chicksie, obligingly coming to Nat's relief. "Not as I knows of! Me and Sis are a-boardin'."

An old woman here came in.

"Miss Greeley, this is my friend," said Chicksie, proudly looking at Nat.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the Trinity boy, bowing courteously.

The old woman stared and grinned.

"She is deaf," said Chicksie, "You knock agin."

"How—do—you—do, ma'am?" shouted Nat.

"Oh, I don't do very smart."

"She's Tom's mother," explained Chicksie, "He don't come round very often."

"Then this is Chicksie's home," thought Nat, looking at the humble furniture, and Chicksie and Sis were "a-boardin'," and it was Chicksie that, selling papers, supported Sis.

"He's brought these oranges," shouted Chicksie, handing the old lady the bag.

"Oh, oh, my! I thank 'ee," said the pleased old woman.

"Won't you sit down?"

Nat felt that the door was now open. He was "acquainted" with Chicksie, and he could make his proposition hopefully. Would Chicksie go to Sunday-school with Nat?

"Why, I—I've been a-thinking of it," confessed Chicksie, "a-seein' you and the church door; and Sis, too, she's a-grown up, or will be. Say, Miss Greeley?"

He had turned to his landlady.

"What say, Arthur?"

"That your name?" asked Nat.

Chicksie laughed. "I have two names, just as some folks have two suits of clothes. I am called 'Chicksie' down in the alley, but Arthur is my name—Arthur Drayton."

"That's a fine name," declared Nat.

"What did you say?" asked the old lady again.

"Didn't I say to day that me and Sis ought to go to Sunday-school?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, yes; sartin'."

"But if you hadn't hung on I never might have got there," the newsboy told Nat.

What a happy Sunday that was when Nat, Arthur, and Sis started for Sunday-school! Nat's in Brooklyn was too far off, and they went to one of the Trinity Sunday-schools.

"He has!" said a voice as Nat was entering. "You—you the boy that wanted to open Trinity church door?"

"I am the boy," said the pleased Nat, recognizing his church porch acquaintance. "Are you a teacher here?"

"I am a teacher here. I am Mr. Sinclair. What can I do for you?"

The end of the doing was a seat for Arthur in Mr. Sinclair's class, while Sis went among the lambs of the flock. Nat remained that Sunday. It was a touching scene as Nat and Arthur bowed their heads in prayer side by side. The sun was cheerfully streaming through the windows at this time of prayer; and I wonder if, on those slanting stairways of gold, any of Jacob's angels were silently slipping down?—*Edward A. Rand, in Young Churchman.*

A GRUMBLE-BOX.

"Here, Nell, put in your cent; that was a big one."

"I only said the potatoes are stone cold, and its the honest truth; they are. If that's grumbling, I'd like to know. Is that a grumble, mother?"

"I rather think it is, Helen," answered Mrs. Porter. "Some one had better read our contract again. We haven't heard it for nearly two days. You read it, Harry."

Harry took a box from the middle of the table, and read aloud:—

"Each and every member of this family of Porter agrees to pay one cent into this box for each and every grumble or complaint he or she may make about any article of

food on this table. Signed, Edward Porter, Mary Porter, Harry Porter, Helen Porter, Elizabeth Porter."

"If that isn't the strangest agreement I ever heard read!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret, who had come in unexpectedly for lunch. "How did it come about?"

"Oh, we've had it for a month or more, and the box is nearly full," said Helen. "For the first day or two, cents just poured in, but now father can eat salt butter and drink weak coffee without a word. He's almost heroic. Mother always was a martyr; nothing but tough beef-steak ever made her complain, and she would swallow shoe leather now and smile. I suppose Harry and Bess and I are to fill the box; we're no saints yet."

"But," said Aunt Margaret, "you haven't told me why you began to have a grumble-box?"

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Porter. "Don't you remember some of the times you have been here to lunch or to dinner when everything was wrong on the table? The soup was either too hot or too cold, the beef was overdone, the vegetables either too salt or not salt enough, the bread was dry, or the toast was burnt."

Aunt Margaret smiled.

"I've known such things to happen in other people's houses, too."

"So have I," said Mrs. Porter, "but don't you remember, too, the blessing father so often asks before meals: 'O Lord, for the food that Thou hast given us give us grateful hearts?' We would bow our heads and listen and then grumble over every mouthful."

"You didn't, mother; you never did. It was the rest of us."

"Well," continued Mrs. Porter, "one beautiful Sunday morning we all went to church and heard an unusually good sermon. Then we came home and sat down to a very good dinner, but it was worse than ever, and before we left the table father stopped us and said: 'I've been thinking, children, it would be just as well not to ask a blessing on the food any longer. We have such poor things to eat we cannot feel grateful.'"

"I tell you, that took the breath out of us!" said Harry.

"Yes, but it opened our eyes,"

said Helen. "We couldn't believe that we found so much fault with everything."

"It was father who thought of the box," said Harry. "He said it would help us keep a good resolution if we had to pay for breaking it."

"I've got some pennies in, too," said little Bess, "'cause I cried for more sugar on my oatmeal."

"And what are you going to do with the money when the box is filled?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"We don't know yet what kind of heathen are to have it?" answered Harry; "Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Indian, or plain American. It will go from the heathen to the heathen."

Aunt Margaret rose to take her departure.

"Must you go, Margaret?" asked Mrs. Porter. "I am so glad you came in for lunch. I am only sorry we did not have a better meal to offer you."

"A cent, mother! A cent from you!" exclaimed the children. "That is a genuine out-and-out grumble."

And Mrs. Porter laughingly slipped a coin into the grumble-box.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

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The rector received \$5 from a friend near Reaboro for work in McKenzie River Diocese, also a gentleman in town said to call on him to the extent of \$10 for the relief of the needy ones of our own parish. It is always gratifying to find people thinking of and providing for the needs of others.

The Church Missionary Society has received a trust fund of \$100,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent., the interest to be received during the life of the donor, who desired to be known only as "A Friend," and the sum total at his death, while by the will of the late Mr. Alfred Marriott, of Mirfield, Eng., the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," so well known as the S. P. G., has received \$750,000. It is well to see our wealthy men giving so largely to the great and wide work of sending the gospel to all people, but it is also a privilege to know that so vast is the field, that we may all take a part, and the small gift from the right motive and as a result of self-sacrifice, is as acceptable to God as the large gifts.

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